

February 1, 2025

Valentine's Love

In the quaint town of Heartsville, where love stories
abound,

A tale of cubic zirconia, in Valentine's lore is found.

It sparkled not like diamond, but held a charm so
rare,

A gem for the true-hearted, with love and care to
spare.

Tom, a humble jeweler, with eyes like winter's frost,

Found his heart's true echo, in Anna, whom he'd
almost lost.

He crafted her a ring, with zirconia clear and bright,
A symbol of their love, that shone like stars at
night.

Their love was not perfect, nor as flawless as a
stone,

But it was real and gritty, and through trials, it had
grown.

The cubic zirconia, with its brilliance understated,
Became their love's true emblem, and their hearts,
it captivated.

On Valentine's they'd gather, by the fire's gentle
glow,

Recalling all the memories, of their love's ebb and
flow.

The ring upon her finger, a constant, gleaming
sign,

Of a promise made and kept, in the rough and
tumble of time.

So here's to all the lovers, who find worth in what's
not gold,

Who see beyond the surface, to the stories yet
untold.

For sometimes it's the zirconia, that holds the
greatest value,

In a world that often overlooks, what's heartfelt
and true.

Let this cubic tale remind us, on this day of St.
Valentine,

That love's not found in carats, but in moments
intertwined.

And as Tom and Anna proved, with every passing
year,

It's the love behind the sparkle, that we should
hold most dear.